

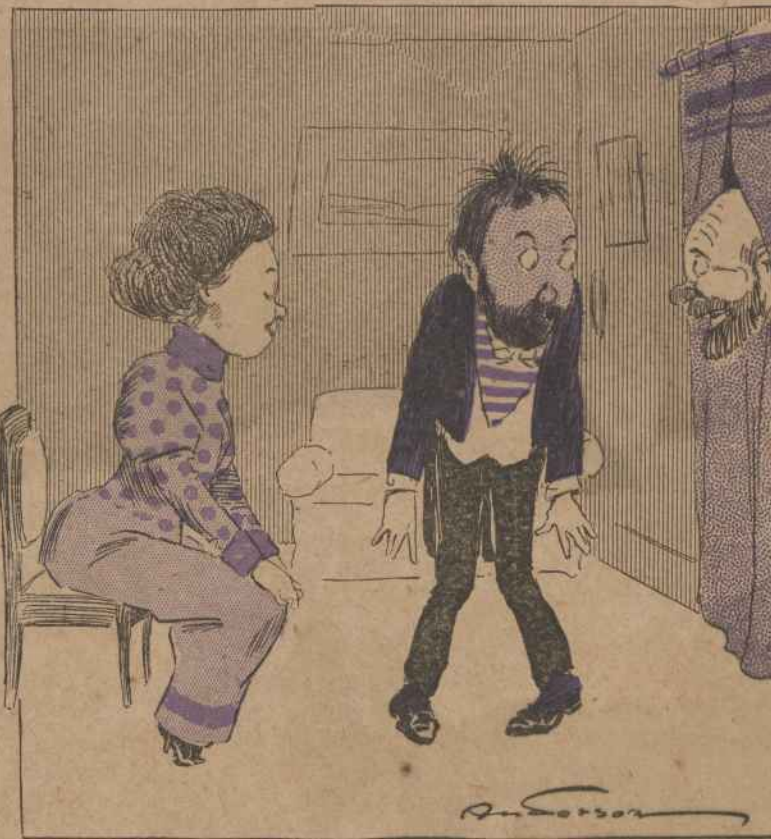
AN INTERRUPTED PROPOSAL.

A Fight Against Fate.

THE JUGGLER AND THE FLY.

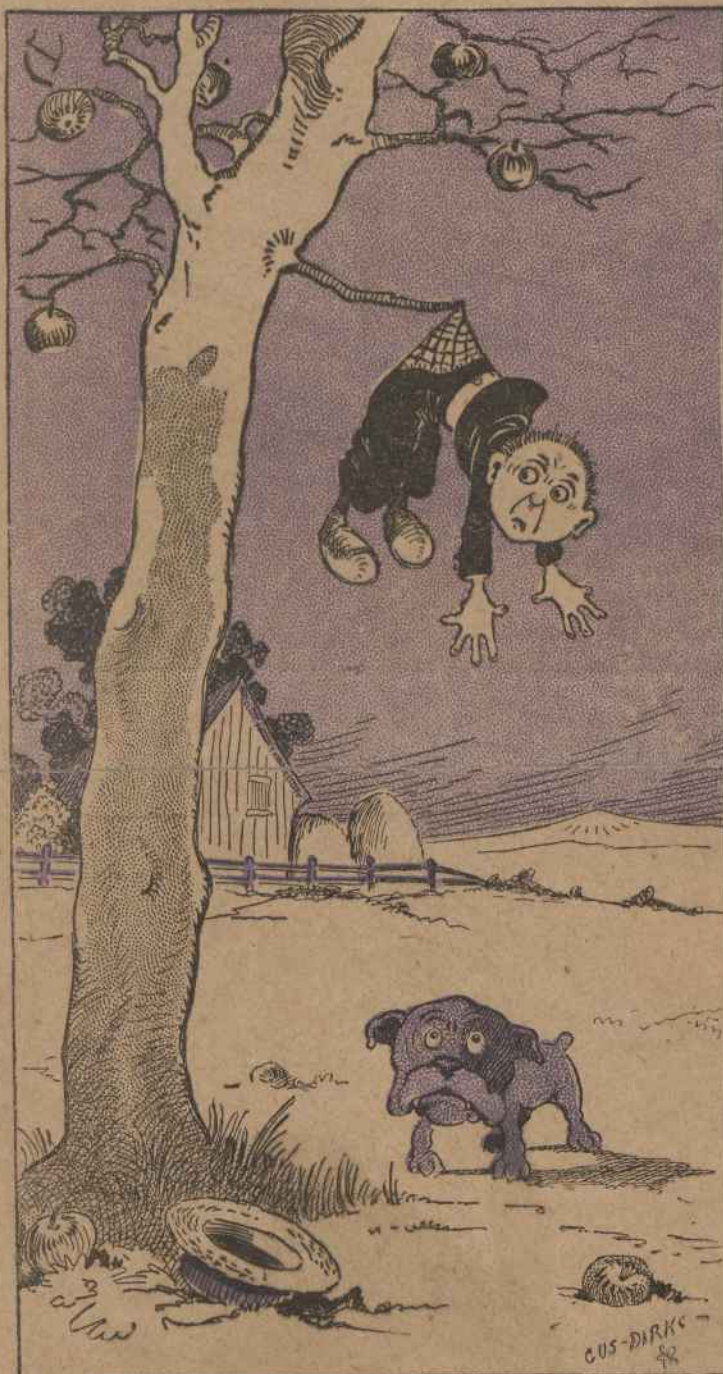


1. HE: "I love you, oh, I!"



2. SHE: "Yes, Charles. Go on!"

A CRUCIAL TEST.



CHIMMIE (anxiously): "I hope me mudder made a good job w'en she put dat patch in!"

Condensed Wisdom.

As much wrongdoing springs from silliness as from wickedness. A calf has cloven hoofs as well as the devil.

A Slight Mistake.

"An elephant," dictated the editor fond of quoting curious little items of information, "has over nine hundred muscles in its trunk."

But either the type-writer's hearing or her system of phonography was defective, for the next morning out came the extremely startling piece of intelligence:

"Ann Oliphant has over nine hundred bustles in her trunk."

Insane Prodigality.

COMMUTER—Old Subbubs would turn in his grave if he only knew how his son was making money fly.

MRS. COMMUTER—Is he such a spend thrift?

COMMUTER—Spend thrift? Why, actually he thinks nothing of taking in two and three church fairs a week.

A Domestic Dialogue.

"Was there any fool hanging around you before I married you?"
"Yes, one."
"Who was it?"
"You."

The Reason.

THE YOUNG UN—I feel awfully down in the mouth.

THE OLD UN—Stop chewing your mustache.

A STRONG RIGHT ARM.



THE MODISTE:

"All the dress needs now is to be gathered a little at the waist."

THE MAIDEN: "Oh, that's all right. I'll attend to that at the ball."

Not Dangerous.

"Don't you think our son is a trifle reckless?" asked the mother anxiously.

"Well, maybe," said the Philadelphia father, "but don't worry. He is only sowing his tame oats."

Its Work Done.

JIMMY—I've broke my knife!
JOHNNY—Gee, but don't yer feel bad?
JIMMY—Not very. I'd cut my initials on all their furniture there was.

Distinctly Feminine.

MRS. DASHERLY—What are you going to give your husband for Christmas?
MRS. FLASHERLY—Don't know yet. I haven't thought of anything I needed.

Best Unseen.

QUIZZER—So he shuts his eyes to his wife's temper fits, does he?
GUYER—Yes, she's deaf and dumb and talks on her hands, you know.

Dead Beats.

The couple skipped in dead of night To 'escape the pressing dun.
'Twas thus indeed they proved themselves Two hearts that "beat" as one.

It Was.

DOLLY—Jack said that he had a business engagement to-night.
DASHERLY—Yes, he mentioned something to me about asking old Millyuns for his daughter's hand.

Eminently Qualified.

THE MAN—I would like to get a position as floor walker.
THE MANAGER—Any experience?
THE MAN—Five children.

AN INVITATION TO THE FUN.



253 "Come on, fellers! Ma's going down ter Hoolihan's saloon to get pa!"

THE bridal procession had barely entered the church before the groom turned and dealt every member of the party a swift kick. On the way down the aisle he yelled and yelled and would not be quieted. Barely had the pale and trembling minister pronounced them man and wife ere he was pounced upon by the devil groom and severely pummeled to an accompaniment of hair raising imprecations. That done the fellow stood on his head and then danced a can-can on the chancel railing, beating the scandalized ushers when they tried to stop him. At last a policeman came and arrested him.

Battered but triumphant, he sat in his cell that night and talked to a reporter.

"What did I do it for?" he asked. "Because of a vow, that's why! Ten years ago I swore that when my marriage came off I wouldn't be the most insignificant, un-noticed man at the wedding, as grooms usually are, you know. And I wasn't either, was I?" he chuckled.

Ossified Humor.

With a dull thud the Ossified Man fell from the platform to the floor.

"He is dead!" they cried, gathering around the shattered form.

"No," he feebly smiled; "I'm not what I'm cracked up to be."

The Truth.

GUYER—Funny thing!

QUIZZER—What is?

GUYER—That nobody ever heard of the oldest woman resident.

Undoubtedly.

In writing about that "vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself" Shakespeare probably had in mind the waiter who brings back change in half dollars and thereby gets no tip at all.

